AND C. DINGS.

neon of the year bath come. He fading in the yellow woods: e vanished—and the wild bee's hum

patier steals along some pebbly stream, Like Indian treating on the yielding meas;— there falls the smedtine with a yellow gleam, And where a runic bridge is thrown across: alwest the two he waves his fragile red. And casts in "Limerick" in that shaded hole;

The evening new? A chill is in the air;
A cheefful fire illumes the kitchen hearth:
The beasswise kints—the girls "pin apples" pare—The farmer enoise—the children speed their miscrimulatin purring lies upon the floor.
Nor hereis her kittens in their gleessome play;
Die dog, half theing only, guarris the door,
Till Jatham comes to court"—then steals away.

Another kins-- to soothe my loving thirst --

Smack ! been | Smack ! been | The old folks frightened, start—

And both feel sure the "big youst buttle's burst?"

MIASMA.

Year a cutter's back door, in a murky lane,

ath steaming dirt and stagment rain, malay in a festering drain.

a home of clay, remented with alime, the artfully built—for he hatest lime— Midst slop, and rot, and want and crime, to lay securely, biding his time.

iring and breathing the filth among,

agh a voice cried, pointing out his lair, in run, for Miasma lies hidden there!" and unlessed away on the air.

one a home was secure and strong, the cotter did nothing; for nothing went wrong.

but they sighed a last sigh. He had stolen their breath, and had wrapped them in Cholera's clouk of death.

Select Storp.

JONCE SMILEY.

A TALE OF A PAST GENERATION.

BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER NINTH.

IN WHICH GOOD PROGRESS IS MADE BY ALL PAR-

It is sometimes the case that political machin s, once cleverly set in motion, does more in the movers desire; that legislative log-ling puts masses in motion which are not

silt to be stopped; and that when a speculat-g breeze has blown up, the "hands at the bel-ows" can neither ride the storm of their own

asing, nor quell it, when, themselves disap-sinted, they would fain prevent others from sing. So fared it in relation to the case of the

wille. The knot of speculators, who had decided that Berrysville was to be the place in the County, had procured, by "log-rolling" legislative lobby action therupon, the foundation of the future County-sat; and they had even mapped, lithographed, "located," and "lotted" the embryo cities upon the banks of the Big Muddy. The

papers in the Atlantic cities, editorially and by correspondence, accidentally stumbling upon the Big Muddy, had elevated the region into a per-

t elysiom, the tract of all tracts in the West

one of them, played upon the same tune, there-

orld began very naturally to wonder why this

nodern Eden was not settled by somebody. No-sedy suspected, except those in the secret, that

hearly all the requisite preparations had been made to throw the land into the market. We

e in the East who thought they owned the ground were "quite ready" to sell. The reader, who has had the patience to follow us thus far, way imagine what kind of a change came over the spirit of their dream, when the news of the

fiture of their agent greeted their aston-

and, Esq., an inefficient and clumsy business. That perhaps was quite true enough, but

In the first place, they voted Capt. Henry Un-

in this particular case he was certainly not to blame, though he felt quite as much mortifica-

tion as they felt disappointment. Perhaps he felt rather more. The speculators, in the next place, resolved that Berrysville, or Berry's Squat,

should not be the County-seat; that it was a

burren spot, or where it was not barren, that its

sole products were fever and ague; and altering

mined to elevate another district of country, and operate upon that, leaving our bero's loca

on in its primitive obscurity and worthlessness

And all services in the premises from Henry Un-derwood they most peremptorily and containe-

bonsly declined, notwithstanding he was upon the spot and ready to serve. Another and a

shrewder agent was sent out, but what he did.

as it fell upon another tract, it is unnecessary

or us to particularize, further than it will inci

dentally appear in the course of the story.

Pending these events, Henry Underwood re-

hained at Berrysville, the guest, he said, of Mr. Berry, though he was in fact telerated only as

the guest of Jonathan Smiley. His pride, how-ever, would not permit him to acknowledge Jones at all in that relation, and he worked very land to obtain a recognition of himielf, in the Emigrant's family, as Berry's equal and Jones's

taperior. In this, however, he could not make much headway, as Berry, now old, LOOKED UP (todit it not to Hardscrabble!) to Jones Smiley,

the foot-ball of his native town. Jones was in-deed the reigning monarch, and much to our military legal friend's discomfort did this fact fonce itself upon his perceptions. And further,

bers—that his advice was never asked, and given masked, was not listened to, much less heer

d: that his society was never sought, and that alreaded unsought, it met with no more cage

freeption than his advice. Great cities, they say, "take the nonsense out of a man." Great forests are no less efficacions as vanity extractors; and Captain Heary Underwood, of the Bungtown on Guards and of the Fastern Bar Es

quire, was, in the more Jeffersonian Wester woods, not only tacitly voted as "of no account,

pretty distinctly made to feel "just that

said to Underwood,-"Tell'ye what,

tract was not quite completed when

ent which we have denominated Berrys-

And his children would play by the poisonous pool. For they likes it much better than going to school.

Then Miasma arese from his recking bed, And around the children his mantle spread— To save them from harm," Miasma said.

e lands upon the fragrant sod, Sweet triumph of his line and pole.

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Choice Loetry. of an exceedingly wild overestimate of this country. I can't buy—it is not worth my while—but I am quite obliged, nevertheless. I shall leave you in a short time, and might be ready to help you to a much better bargain, if you had not chosen to embark all you are worth in this ineligible district." SEPTEMBER IN NEW ENGLAND. BY A. C. AINSWORTH

gible district."

"Eh-hem," thought Jonce—"sonr grapes, I do allow." But he said nothing. It however so happened that in a very few days Jonce and Berry were astonished at Underwood's not only claiming the offer he had once rejected, but showing an earnest desire for more land, than, under the companyatures they would have been willing. ers lie launabed—and the wan assert of the same varies and the same are waken the forest assistances, or the winds which waved the Summer grain-ooks gide on through faded grass, and long; juice heard, save creak of loaded wain, which farmers' rude Autumnal song. on the barns with hav and golden sheaves s gran the barns with may an genders accepted and consider the consideration of the pumpkine stand the roof, from ridge to cares, as is the sun the "seed cucmber" gleams. Solve the urchins to the orchard trees, metrons, and busy with the "hemlock pole;" apples falling! A h, how scenes like these eng childhood back upon the extle a soul! any circumstances, they would have been willing to give him. The matter was taken under ad-visement, and the answer returned was a suffi-cient lesson to Underwood, that there is a tide in land purchases, as well as in other affairs of in land purchases, as well as in other affairs of men. He was compelled to take one-half of what he might have had in the first instance, and that, also, upon terms not quite as good. Jonee had had, in his early youth, thistles enough to chew, to cut his eye teeth; and Capt. Henry Underas though the woods, with gun and faithful dog, the framer's buy pursues his quiet way, the partridge, "dramming" on some fallen log, a strong qualis beguine his steps to stray; as rabiot starting, draws his suddden aim, is western life, the growth the and charged with choicest game, like his true spaniel cease the pleasant search. wood took the land upon the terms proposed to him. Forthwith the ready assistance of the men in the settlement erected him a cabin,—and now happened the establishment of the first lawyer in Berrysville.

Nor were events long in showing what had in-duced this anxiety of Henry Underwood to pur-chase. He had been first advised of a fact to which we have indistinctly alluded—to scit, that those who had developed, in the newspapers, the charms of Berrysville, could not so readily blow out the fire as they had supposed. Emigration pitched upon the tract as one highly favorable,— examination verified as much of the praise of the now chagrined speculators as could reasonably be expected by any man accustomed to the tone of those who wish to sell; and Berrysville did grow rapidly in importance, in spite of these who, having lost their hold upon it, would have designated it as a barren tract. Settlements Midnight' and many a word of love's been said, Hambs chaped, and vows in bender tones been paid; True that 'Miss Martha' had refired to bed! And Jothan game: hat both have been delayed; "the more, dear Martha!" shoot up "like winking" on eligible Western sites. A preacher or two, and a doctor, were soon added to the little community; a "merchant," i. e. a Western counterpart of Deacon Underwood, followed, a "Hotel" astonished those who had

> ville into a town, the paddles of a steamer stir-red the turbid waters of the Big Muddy. Meanwhile, the speculating clique through whose involuntary aid all this had been done. whose involuntry and air this had been uone, were preparing their operations to sap in the bud the upstart place which had dared to grow in spite of them. They had prepared their own site for the Court House, jail, gallows upon occasion, and other proofs of civilization, at a point where they should be so far from benefitting larger wills, that it was charactable based and be-Berrysville, that it was charitably hoped and be heved their united attraction would throw the settlement back into primeval nothingness. Here again the efforts of agent and principals failed; and it was discovered that while they had been getting ready to looby into existence the town of their second choice, the seeds sown in behalf of their first love had so inxuriantly vegetated that Berrysville achieved for itself, and in its foes' despite, the greatness which those foes, once friends, originally designed for it. Forthwith arose a Court House, in the structure of which all styles of architecture not, on terms of repub-lican equality; and shortly followed the jail, and lican equality; and shortly followed the jail, and other circumstances appertinent. Last, though not least, came the County newspaper, grandin quently entitled The Berrysville Republican Banner, and Democratic Meteor of the Western Hemisphere. And in that newspaper the world was advised, by way of mivertisement, in indefinitely large type, that Heary Underwood attended to the practice of law in that and adjoining County.

been used to simple and distant "publics," and, as the acme of the bona fide growth of Berrys

THE BOY WHO HAD NO FRIENDS. the practice of law in that and adjoining Conties; in another place it was stated that he would attend to the business of those holding military land warrants; in another, that he could attend to making collections in the Eastern cities; and in others, making the aggregate of large type be could do all which to a limb of the law belongs

and appertains. But alas! What Henry could do, was left to the sympathetic imaginations of himself and his friends. People had either no faith in his profressions of ability, or such full confidence that they did not need to put him to the proof. He drove, to be sure, a considerable business in answering questions whether this bank or that was good, and whether an occasional note at which he was permitted to look (Oh, Tautalus!) was a he was permitted to look (Oh, lantains) was a gennine emission. He was reputed also to know hogus from silver by the touch, and as he actual-ly received an occasional newspaper from the East, people did him the honor to accept the loan of it. He was also sponged out of legal advice upon suppose I cases, upon which he must either pronounce, or lose his profitable reputation. All this, however, strange as it may seem, yielded very little profit; and as Henry had been known very little profit; and as Henry had been known to smoke Spanish cigars upon his first coming into the settlement, and to indulge in other dis-tant but distinctly remembered extravagances, he was counted what is expressively termed stuck up"-as hard a character for man in certain situations to prosper under, as it is for a dog to thrive with the reputation of the rables

upon him.

Gradually his means were exhausted; and although absolute starvation is not very easy in the West, the mortification of penury, its next door neighbor, was his constant companion. Why he did not command business he could not understand—for he knew that his neighbors had litigations, and that they even carried their cases out of town, he, as yet, keeping the enviable dis-tinction of the one lawyer who starved in Bertinction of the one lawyer who starved in Ber-rysville. Nay, he was actually called upon to decide between the rival reputations of other lawyers, in order that those who, he thought, should have employed him, could carry their fees where they might get the most law for their money. And, to crown his misfortunes, a cer-tain legal roarer from a neighboring settlement was already in treaty for a location in Berrys-ville.

ville.

His old friends, Berry and Smiley, were, all this time, going along swimmingly. Uncle Sam's commission as Post Master, and the Goveror's as commission as Post Master, and the Goveror's as Justice and as Commissioner of Deeds, was held by them, and poor Underwood feit more acutely how "circumstances alter cases." He was just thinking of abdicating forever the place which seemed to him so utterly unpropitions, when his attention was one afternoon called to a knot of boisterous woodmen relaxing their "ponderous strength" at the door of the "Hotel" opposite, or rather permitting it all to find exercise in their heels and arms, for they were dancing all over, heels and arms, for they were dancing all over, to the music of the ancient fiddle of mine host. Henry eyed the raptle-brained party with a feeling of disgust, of which he longed to make them sensible. He saw Jonce join the group, and actually look on with evident amusement, and, for the hundredth time, he almost cursed the lucky scape-goat, as he deemed him, who, against all obstacles, had thriven, while he, despite all favoring circumstances, had moved no step, except in retrograde.

voring circumstances, had moved no step, except in retrograde.

"Hullon, Squire!" shouted Jonce, "spose you come out and join!"

Here was a dilemna. To refuse, would be to do himself no good, certainly—to comply, was no less disagreeable than to swallow a nauseous potion. And then—his dignity! But nevertheless, his last ten dollars was in the progress of wasting consumption, and listlessly, yet unwillingly, he stalked across the road. He was met by anything but looks of welcome—and the company seemed to feel no particular gratitude to Jonce for inviting him over, by the way, as it would seem, as a damper on their amusement.

"Come, Harry!" said Jonce, "I'm bound to show these boys how Yankee Doodle can be kicked out of this here sod, and you're bound to show them what amount of music can be coaxed out of that old fiddle. Colone!" continued Jonce, speaking to the musical landlord, "trust a Vershee with they leaky of yours once, and go be

ont of that old fiddle. Colonei!" continued Jonce, speaking to the musical landlord, "trust a Yankee with that baby of yours once, and go be getting a drink ready, all round."

Harry hesitated—but catching a sly wink of Jonce's eye, he fell in with his humor, and the fiddle, as was unanimously "allowed," talked "a lectle freer" in his bands, than had ever before been heard "in them diggings." From Yankee Doodle, Underwood, who found that he had at leat extend a "har unrating," which could not pay Doedle, Underwood, who found that he had at last struck a "bar practice" which could not pay less, while it might pay more, than any he had yet enjoyed, forgot Chitty on Evidence, for how on fiddle. He ran from Yankee Doodle into some-thing else, and Orphens himself never played to better purpose. All Herrysyille was alive and TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1874.

you want it, and Berry and I'll squeeze out pigging, and even the more sedate looked on with a smile of amusement.

"Mr. Smiley," said the other, "you have form"Go it, stranger! You're a screamer!" shouted responded another, whose legs appeared to have declared for the most violent kind of agitation. "Them's the scientific licks!" responded another, whose legs appeared to have declared for the most violent kind of agitation. "Whoop!" screamed a third, "I give up. The Squize has fiddled me down, and I must sentimentally declare for drinks all around!" "That's the ticket!" Strue force haveforded!"

"That's the ticket! Stone fence, barefooted!" And as they thus declared, Henry Underwood, the dignified, the precise, the college-learned, struck up "Hail Columbia!" for them to march up to the rack by. This was the climax. His fortune was unde. The hardest looking, most uninviting man of the crowd, after staring at bim, and actually taking hold of his bow arm, to not a sun-beam, which had played upon the fiddle

strings, broke out:
"Well, stranger, you can fiddle a few, but I allow I can throw you—Indian hug, or at arm's

length."
"Try it," said Henry.
In a moment all hands were out on the green sward. The sturdy boatman could not get a hug, and at arm's length, Henry danced at his tosses and at arm's length, Henry danced at his tosses like a bird, but all efforts to destroy his equilib-rium were fruitless. Cautionsly our hero played on the defensive, till the boatman puffed like his own high pressure steamer. Then, by a dexterous feint, Underwood spread him out on the grass, and bounding off, stood with his arms folded, while his discomfitted antagonist picked himself

"Stranger! you've licked me fair on that—and there's but one try more. Here's rus for the drinks—the Colonel gives the word—out to the big sycamore yonder, and in."

One, two, three! The iron nerves of the boat—and would have endured best on the long run—

man would have endured best on the long runthe bounding activity of Harry brought him in three full lengths ahead. "Hurrah! for the lawyer!" And three hearty

cheers spoke Harry Underwood's first Berrysville "Stranger-you are a screamer, and no mistake

I could be at you on a light—but I sentimentally allow I don't want to spoil your face for a jury; for you've got to do some law for me right off. You're a perfect steamboat, and can shine in any for re a perfect steamboat, and can some in any crowd you like. I'm it town, with a pocket foll of rocks, and here" (banding half adozen dollars) "is a few pebbles to begin with. Just fiddle on 'tother fellow's witnesses, throw his lawyer, and outron and outjump him, as you have me, and I shall be as good as new, and you will be the tallest lawyer on the Big Moddy."

est lawyer on the Big Muddy."

Here followed Harry's first consultation, with a real Western client, giving him a genuine retainer. And with the success of this suit, business crowded upon his hands. Working for his bread, with no father's chest to fall back upon, he soon realized the benefit of depending upon himself, and was not ashamed to admit that Jonce Smiley could give counsel even to him. His vio-lin, which had once been his bane, was now his best friend and advertisement. No party was complete unless Harry Underwood was along, and from no excursion in which he could partie: pate was he left out. When fortune once turns with a man, the reaction for good seems to take new impetus from having run to the lowest; and as he had brains, as well as a fiddle arm, Harry Underwood never had occasion to regret that Jonee Smiley had introduced the lawyer, as a iddler, to the boatmen in Berrysville.

CHAPTER TENTH.

IN WHICH GREAT NEWS COMES TO HARDSCRABBLE. AND PELTIAR'S SON GOADS AND IS GOADED.

Peltiah Perkins' son John had survived his dismissal by Margaret—as indeed men usually do who pay conrt rather to the supposed wealth of would-be lovers, than to their minds or their persons. And as Deacon Abijah Underwood, thanks to a clean conscience and a benevolent heart, bade fair to live another life-time yet, John had even found reason to congratulate him-Nor did he scruple to express that thankfulness, as though the sumering of the match, if match it could be called, had been his work, and not hers. As to Margaret, she never troubled herself to think of him, except when she saw him, and then kind-hearted as she was, she could not avoid an internal laugh at the grotesque fig-ure the discarded suitor presented, when, in his impotent rage, he trampled down her rose bushes

by meanlight.

The Deacon, since his wife died, and since Harry had left him, to do, he trusted, wonders in the West, had actually subscribed for a newspape -for himself, notwithstanding that, as po ter, he had the reading of all the news came to town. The absence of his boy had seem ed to give him a stake in the whole country; for his interest was no longer entirely limited to Hardscrabble, and parts adjacent. Of course, Henry was now a Western man, the father had yes once opened to the West, the charmed circle eyes once opened to the West, the charmed circle which once shut ont all beyond his valley from his vision was broken, and he looked once in a while toward the South also. Political theorists may say what they please about bonds of Union holding the confederacy together; there exist no stronger than the ties of friendship and consan-quinity, which unite the distant points from which the thoughts of friend and friend, parent and child, brother and sister, stray to meet each other.

And, beside the paper from Boston, the Deacon was also in the regular receipt, from Henry, of the Berrysville Republican Banner, and Democratic Meteor of the Western Hemisphere. If this helomadal did not contain more news than the city papers, it could beat any six of them in name, and give them odds. The most interesting items to the father were the son's six advertisements more or less, and from these the dear old gentle-man concluded that Henry must be doing an im-mense business in Berrysville. He read with inmense business in Berrysville. He read with infinite interest the flaming paragraphs about the
New Court House and New Jail, and other public
buildings, until he caught himself looking at the
plan of Solomon's Temple, which hung upon his
wall, and wondering whether the great work of
the wise King exceeded in extent the buildings
of the new and flourishing town of Berrysville.
He read the arrival of steamboats at Berrysville,
and sighed that none could come to Hardscrabble, for the very sufficient reason that the only
stream in town was out of business all the yearexcept three weeks in the Spring, when, by infiexcept three weeks in the Spring, when, by infi-nite labor, it managed to drive a small-a very

With the very natural feeling of a father, Dea-con Underwood considered his son Henry as part and parcel of the town in which he lived, and ted not that to him was to be attributed the donbted not that to him was to be attributed the rise of Berrysville. Nor was his interest scarcely less in our old acquaintance, Jonce; but as Jonce's name did not appear in the newspapers, he could not consider the "boy who had no friends" as so prominent or important an indi-vidual as his own son, who published six advertisements, more or less—the printer kindly put ting them in to "fill up," after their time had ru ting them in to "fill up," after their time had run out. But of this newspaper secret the Deacon could, of course, know nothing. The letters of Henry, at first few, far between, and despondent, had of late, particularly since the dance, wrestle, and run, assumed a more cheerful character; and since that time, too, Mr. Smiley was frequently mentioned in terms of friendship. "Mr. Smiley," thought Margaret, when she first heard his name, as the Deacon read his name aloud. But her eye happening to catch her reflection in the mirror, she distinctly remembered that Jones was now grown hig enough to be a man and be called Mister, if he ever meant to attain that age. And as she looked at herself—her reflection—in the face, she blushed—I wonder wby?

And after that, too, she began to look rather inquiringly at the hymeneal and obituary rec-

And after that, too, she began to look rather inquiringly at the hymeneal and obitnary records in the Meleor, as if she expected to find some mention there of him of whom she had now began definitely to think. She wondered if he meant to get married, and then pozzled herself to guess if, by any chance, he had; and then she thought that if he had. Henry might have mentioned it. At last Henry began in his letter to speak obliquely about certain changes as pending in his own case, and then he spoke directly of being affianced, and about to wed Miss Rebecca Berry—and then—flash; came the Meteor, announcing that Henry Underwood, Esq. and Rebecca Berry, of Berrysville, were no more twain, but one flesh.

"De votion!" exclaimed the Deacon; "who would have thought it? Why, I was in hopes, would have thought it? Why, I was in hopes, after all, Margaret, that he would come home and marry you, and settle down in the old place here!" And this he said in perfect sipecrity—for like most old people, the Deacon had a habit of thinking all that younger people say of getting married mere nonsense, as easily set aside, as a man can give up one house for another, when assured it is a better one. "But," continued he, "I can only hope to goodness that he has made a good match of it!"

has made a good match of it?"
"I hope so, I am sure," said Margaret. The
manner in which she said this might have shown
a curious observer that she was heart-whole in
that particular direction; but the Deacon was not curious in anything but horse-flesh. If any-body could have read the girl's thoughts, he would have seen that, though perhaps Margaret herself did not exactly know it, and certainly would not acknowledge it, she was half tremb-ling to think how nearly the bolt had fallen to Jonce without striking him! We have said in a preceding changer that she but remembered preceding chapter that she but remembered Jonce as a boy, but we have also said in this that her own maturity had reminded her that he was a boy no longer. Mercantile phrase is awk-ward in love relations, but we can, perhaps, word the precise state of things no better than to say that she held herself "ambject to his refusal"—or that he "had the refusal of her."

Wonderful was the gossip in Hardscrabble, when the news got abroad that Henry Under-wood had "got married off there." Not a few of wood had "got married off there." Not a few of the citizens of that ancient town were like the old lady, who, when she heard of a distant place, wondered, "how people could live so far off!" and therefore was the marriage of the Deacon's son considered so miraculous an event, that many people were actually astonished, on the next Sabbath, to find the Deacon and his ward walk-ing to meeting, as if nothing had happened, and nothing remarkable had been heard of during the week. John Perkins "Humphed." And be-side this stifled eigenlating which might mean side this stifled ejaculation, which might mean something or nothing, be indulged farther in the remark, "that he guessed some folks, who expected something, would find now that everything did not always come out in all things just exactly where they 'lotted upon it." This oracexactly where they intent upon it. This orac-ular giving out was supposed to have some ref-erence to Margai Henry, and the Deacon's es-tate. Upon another branch of his guesses, Pel-tiah's son John was more explicit. "It will be as much as a week," said he, "before any body hears anything good of that Jonee Smiley, who had to run away from Hardscrabble."

had to run away from Hardscrabble."
John was a prophet. In just a week from the
utterance of that Orphic saying touching the
hearing of anything good from ghat Jonce, the
maltreated and despised of Hardscrabble, the
Betrysville Republican Banner, and Democratic
Meteor of the Western Hemisphere came to Harda rabble with an item of appropriagnet indeed scrabble, with an item of announcement indeed. It startled the dwellers in that sprient Township more from their propriety than had any previ-ous event since Peltiah Perkin's corn barn was struck by lightning, and (vide newspapers pas sim) not burned like an ordinary piece of fuel, but "totally consumed.

This startler was no less than the position of

JONATHAN SMILEY, Esq., OF BERRYSVILLE,

at the head of the true blue ticket for Congress! Then followed a leader, which led with the ques-tion, "Who is Jonathan Smiley!" "Sure enough," muttered Peltiah, and grunt-

"Sure enough," muttered Peltiah, and grunted his son—but the Meteor, far from indulging in any such sneering echo to its question, proceeded to answer it, as if what put its own query for no other purpose, (as was probably the fact,) than to have an opportunity to make its own reply. The paper said, and the Deacon read aloud, that Jonathan Smiley was a man who had alood, that Jonathan Smiley was a man who had entered the primeval shades of the umbrageous and eternal forests, with his own axe helve in his own right hand, and hewed out his own for-tune among the sycamores, buttonwoods and paw-paws. Now, though the reader may sus-pect that the axe which Jonathan first wielded at the West was Berry's, and not his own, still, at the West was Berry's, and not his own, still, as the right arm was evidently his and none other's, the little inaccuracy may be winked at —as many other questionable epithets. This, the strongest point in Mr. Smiley's claim on the suffrages of his fellow-beings, established, namely, that when he chopped wood, he used his own right arm and dexter hand, other items, of simiright arm and dexter hand, other items, of similar character though minor importance, were set up in a whole column. His moral virtues and political qualifications were disposed of in a single parenthetical sentence, sufficiently eulogistic, it is true, and the sum of the whole was, that Jonathan Smiley, Esq., was "THE MAN OF THE PROPLE." Other candidates received their proper share of laudation, but inasmuch as Jonee er share of landation, but inasmoch as . (we can't forget his familiar name) was the those flight was to take along the whole ticket. it followed that all that was said in the praise of the rest, was only as tending to show that they had sufficient merit to be named in the day with Jonathan Smiley, Esq., of Berysville, "born," (as the French express it,) that once Smiley, of Hardscrabble, who had no

And how fell the announcement on Hardscrabblef The Deacon honestly rejoiced, almost as much as he would have done had the man so oraised been his own son, and the other citizen almost without exception, followed the Deacon lead. While there was more than a probability that the settlement of Jonee's birth-place might onged, to support him as a pauper, the fact that e was an undoubted Hardscrabbler by birth, was not so much insisted on-now, all Hard-erabble was particularly careful to remember that Jonathan Smiley, Esq., bonored the air of that ilk by inhaling it first into his infant longs. It was Hardscrabble air that he first exhaled in those unintelligible, though enormously attered rudiments of the vernaenlar, with which all

rudiments of the vernaenlar, with which all children, in all ages, have first saluted this fair world; a world, which however it may improve upon acquaintance, doth never, so far as all interpretation of their first cries hath signified, strike children very favorably at first sight.

The Deacon posted out directly, to read the newspaper to Ma'am Smiley. Pelitah Perkins, who had ungraciously enough listened, skulked away home, saying "fothing to nobody." Pelitah Perkins's son John had left a yoke of cattle at the door while he went in for his "Santle at the door, while he went in for his "Santy Crooce," and to hear the news. As he passed the threshhold, he caught up his goad stick with an air not to be misunderstood, and played such an air not to be minuderstood, and played such a punchamarra upon the flanks of his luckless oxen, and with such startling variations from the regular ox-goad gamut, that the poor crea-tures were utterly non-plussed. Then, with the butt of the stick, he tapped their faces till they winked again, and bowed and backed in pain and terror, "albeit, well used" to the ordinary treatment of which this was only an extra spec-imen. His discordant shouts, "Gee, Back! Gee, Star!—Whoa!—Gee!—Haw!" delivered in utter disregard of any thing but noise, made the case with the unlucky yoke but confusion worse con-

Margaret, from her window, had seen the Dea-Margaret, from ner window, had seen the Pea-con start off with the paper in his hand—she now saw and heard her quondam suitor's nugra-cious braying, and, she did not need to read the Democratic Meteor to know that it had brought good news from Jonce. The behavior of John uld be the commentary on nothing else.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

GRANT'S "Log HUT."-The strange mutations that time works out are shown by a conspicuous instance now observable in Fairmount Park. President Grant's "log hut," his home during the memorable campaign that preceded the fall of Richmond, and has historical memories con-nected with it. It is one of the monuments set up in our beautiful park. up in our beautiful park—a monument of war-yet now it is devoted to the useful but peaceful purpose of storehouse for children's preambula-tors. "Let us have peace" about it, for the fa-mous, yet modest, structure might be put to oth-er uses not half so serviceable as this.—Philadel-

THESE are the evenings in which a man can not enjoy himself like a rational being for fear his wife will suddenly come back from the coun-try and catch him at it.—Boston Globe.

"ELIZABETH" will not be a popular name for girl-babies this year. - Beston News.

Miscellany.

MONTEREY.

[It is well known that Charles Fenne Hoffman, the poet, has for many years been at immate of the Asylum for the Insane, at Harrisburg. He is the author of many beautiful poeurs and poets' which stand deservedly high in the opinion of our best critics. It is a sad and painful thought to reflect that one so gifted, we centle to all the influences of nature and affection, should have been so untimely cut off from the world. The Buffalo Express, remarking upon poor Hoffman's genius as a poet, says. "that much praise has been awarded "Tennysou a Charge of the Six Hundred," but Hoffman's poeun on the Battle of Montercy is worth a dozen of it." We aulomit it to our readers, believing it cannot be surpassed.]

We were not many—who stood Before the iron sleet, that day; Yet many a gallant sparit would Give half his years, if he but could Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot was halled In deadly drifts of flery apray: Yet not a single soldler qualled, When wounded courneles round them wailed Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept, Through walls of fiame its withering Where fell the dead, the liviving slept; Still charging on the guns which swept The slipery streets of Montercy.

The fee himself recoiled aghast.
When striking where they strongest key,
We swooped its finking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave, And there the evening bugles play: Where orange boughs above their graves, Keep green the memory of the braves. Who fought and bled at Monterey.

We were not many—we who pressed Beside the brave who fell that day; But who of us has not confessed He d rather share their warrier rest, Than not have been at Moutercy!

sors of Beecher who Have Been Tried

Although the newspaper notoriety attained by the Beecher-Tilton scandal is probably unequal-ed, it is but just to say that Plymonth's paster is not the only eminent and eloquent saint who has got himself into a bad scrape through a lamb of his flock. Long ago Peter Pindar had occason to denounce parsons of this type and their long faced fellows. "Their occupation," said the satirist, "is to serve the devil privately during the week, and blackguard him publicly on Sun-days." There have been murderers and forgers in the ministry, as well as violators of the seventh commandment. A few such examples are briefly mentioned below. They will be found suggestive reading at the present time; to the saints of the Plymouth persuasion especially they may prove useful for instruction, discipline and correction. and correction.

case of the Rev. Isaac T. Kalloch-some The times known as "Whisky Skin" Kalloch, the Boston Paul-will be familiar to many of our readers. His tall, majectic, muscular form, re-sembling the Farnese Hercules; his grand, ex-pressive features, that might have graced Apollo; his wonderful eloquence; the magnetism of his manner; the charm of his voice; the soundness of his orthodoxy; the crowds of panting women that crammed his church to listen entranced and mesmerized when he preached—are not they all written on the memories of Beston matrons to this day, and do they not form another commentary on the danger of pulpit idols of the physical persuasion? Alas! the reverend gentleman had been wandering in the groves sacred to Cupid rather than bearing the cross emblematic of salvation. A young lady named Steele was his fascinated companion. Their soul communings were at first transcendental, then seraphic, then beatific, then earthly and sensual. Kalloch was kicked out of the church, and went to Kansas, where he has since become a model margand a saltitive to the control of the church, and went to Kansas, where he has since become a model margand a saltitive to the control of the church, and went to Kansas, where he has since become a model margand a saltitive to the control of the church, and went to Kansas, where he has since become a model margand a saltitive to the control of the church, and went to Kansas, where he has since become a model margand a saltitive to the ladies a little game, just to while a way the time and keep them quiet. He threw the cards, and then asked them to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack, which he had previously to pick out the Jack out of that crammed his church to listen entranced and olitician.

politician.

Then again, shall not the supporters of the Plymouth parson take courage when the name of the Right Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk is mentioned. The fourth bishop of New York, belonging to the High Church section of the Episcopal faith, this prelate had attained man's allotted term of years, and was in the enjoyment Watching the favorable moment, the wretched copal faith, this prelate had attained man's al-lotted term of years, and was in the enjoyment of every comfort that fortune bestows upon its of every contort that fortune oestows upon its most favored children. He was regarded as an-other mitered Enoch, who walked with God; and if, some morning. New York had been in-formed that he had been carried up to heaven like Elijah, in a chariot of fire, there would have been far less astonishment expressed than when it became known that a member of his congre-gation had charged the venerable prelate with andne familiarity with his wife. The indignant, undue familiarity with his wife. The indignant, disbelieveing howls of the High Churchmen were astounding. They denounced the charge as malicious and trumped up. But the Low Church folks held their peace and suggested that the charge had better be investigated. Between the squabbling and recrimination of these doc-trinal factions an official inquiry was instituted. The lady's character and reputation for respec-tability were unimpeachable, and as a conse-quence the bishop came out of the examination with mitre cracked and lawn soiled. It was shown that, while under the influence of wine or other stimulant, he had indecently caressed the lady. There was no blinking the fact that the lady. There was no blinking the fact that his thoughts at the moment were impure and his action disgraceful. Wherefore he was suspended from performing his sacred functions—the fact of his being "stimulated" at the time being taken in extenuation.

Glancing for a few minutes across the Atlantic, some few of our readers will no doubt remember the case of Achilli vs. Newman. Achilli was originally a Roman Catholic priest; but

member the case of Acada Va. Acada and Acada is was originally a Roman Catholic priest; but, on being ejected from the Roman fold for gross and habitual licentiousness, at the date of the trial, in 1852, he adorted the pulpit of a London Protestant church. It was shown in evidence at the trial that as early as 1826 he was deprived of the feather to learne for an offense which his suhis faculty to lecture for an offense which his an his faculty to lecture for an onense which has an periors did their best to conceal; that in 1831, he robbed of her honor a young woman of eighteen; that in September, 1833, he was guilty of a similar crime in the case of a woman of twenty-eight; that on another occasion he chose the sacristy of the church for the perpetration of another such crime, the day being Good Friday. another such crime, the day being Good Friday.
He afterward made the wife of a tailor faithless
to her husband, and lived publicly and traveled
about with the wife of a chorus singer. After
his ex communication from Rome, and while
professor in the Protestant college at Malta, he
was dismissed from his post.

The Hev. Newland Maffit was a pastoral gift
to be from Fauland. What an angelia person he

to us from England. What an angelic person he was, and how some of our mothers admired him, and doted on him, and lingered on his words! He was the Sunday sensation of the age, and Beecher, in his palmiest days, was never more idolatrously followed than he. He belonged to the unctuous legions of Methodism, and he was accustomed to itinerate from church to church, bruising the old serpent's head and transform-ing horder of blackest sinners into whitest saints ing hordes of blackest suners into whitest saints whenever he preached. There are folks who still talk of his almost more than mertal elequence, the fire of his eye, the vehemence of his

still talk of his almost more than mertal elequence, the fire of his eye, the vehemence of his
gesture, and the grace and symmetry of his form.

They will rehearse how, when he used to
preach in the Allen Street Methodist church, the
place would be so crammed hours before the
services commenced that the Rev. Newland had
to be passed bodily over the heads of the people,
through the window, and so on, until he was
hoisted into the pulpit. They will tell you that
the ladies were the most enthusiastic admirers
of the man, and that many of them were ready
to melt and dissolve in Heliconeau dew when he
chanced to look upon them. But that is thirty
years since, and such of the matrons who, as
maidens, exhibited Maffit adoration who survive years since, and such of the matrons who, as maidens, exhibited Maffit adoration who survive have also sorvived their folly and laughed at it. Wheir poor Mr. Maffit's wife died, wasn't there oceans of tears and whirlwinds of sighs among unmarried Methodist sisters! The loss of the angelic Mrs. Maffit to her celestial, heaven-inspiring hushand was, of course, pronounced irreparable. Gushing young ladies, with tear-bedimmed eyes, told him so, and he loved to listen to them. For under the shadow of the bereaveto them. For under the shadow of the bereave-ment that had settled over his roof, he went much abroad, seeking sympathy and endeavor-ing to dispel the gloom of his loneliness. Of course he prayed much, and talked with gloomy eloquence of bending to the rod, until finally

there were enthusiastic maidens who would have made almost any sacrifice to have restored the made almost any sacrifice to have restored the heyday of the minister's happiness. One, indeed—a spleudid sentimental girl of Brooklyn—went so far in demonstrative sympathy that in the course of human events it became necessary to confess much to her pions father. Then there was some sanctified biasphemy, accompanied with some threats against the heart, liver and bodily welfare of the Rev. Newland Maffit. Afterward there were heartburnings and accessings

terward there were heartburnings and accusings and scandals, and general pandemonium. The case was investigated, a true bill was found, and the wolf ceased to prey, in sheep's clothing, at least, on the ewe lambs of the flock.

Again, we have the lamentable case of the Rev. Stephen P. Avery. He, too, stood seer-like on the pastoral mountain tops; he was a beacon set on a hill, who never hid his light under a bushel. Forty years since Boston and Georgetown resonned his praises, and the echoes thereof travelled afar. In the pulpit, as the shepherd and visitor of his flock, he was deemed perfess. The impressive sanctive of his means and the and visitor of his flock, he was deemed peerless. The impressive sanctity of his manner and the aplendor of his oratory were only equalled by the sweetness of his disposition and the purity of his heart. But David surreptitiously glanced upon the unadorned loveliness of Bathsheba and became a sin-stained king, and the saintly Stephen gazed upon a sister of the Hub, and there

pheu gazed upon a sister of the Hub, and there was soon after an unheard of hubbub at the Hub and round its borders. There was a long trial, the saladious charges were proved, and the pas tor ceased to be a shepherd of Christ's fold.

Then the Rev. Horace Cook, a few years since the minister of the Seventh Street Methodist church—an eloquent, tall, dark-eyed, handsome man. Every one remembers how he suddenly left his wife and ran away to Philadelphia with Miss Johnson, daughter of a member of the church; how he wrote a letter to his trustees, evaluating his flight and confession, his loye for explaining his flight and confessing his love for the young lady, and how he subsequently sent her home, solemnly averring she was as pure as an augel. But these facts, as we have said, will be remembered and need no longer be dwelt upon here. Mr. Cook, of course, left the church and is now studying law; yet he had abilities that would have ultimately made him a bishop. -Sunday Mercury.

THREE-CARD MONTE.

Two Pious Women Swindled out of a Basket

Last Wednesday, says the Alta California, as the western-bound train on the Central Pacific railroad arrived at Toano, two women of the cru-sade class, who had been traveling on the train for some time, got off to see if they could find either sin or sinner to go for. They had with them a basket filled with nice little Bibles, and with these they were going around doing good and making money. While on the train, they sold several Bibles, and talked about religion and rum to everybody who would submit to be-ing thus afflicted. As they stepped off the train, bowed down by the weight of the basket, which they carried between them, there was a sigh of relief from the passengers, and many a wish exrelief from the passengers, and many a wish ex-pressed that the train would move off and leave

While wandering about seeking customers for White wandering about seeking customers for their wares, they ran across a genteel-looking in-dividual, who was engaged in tossing around three pieces of paste-board, and who seemed to be buried in deep meditation. They drew nigh unto him, and noticing his finely cut, classical

young man said, "Well, I don't care, seeing it's you; I'll tell you what I'll do, seeing you're so sure about it. I'll bet you this \$50 against that basket of books; but everything goes as it lays—you can't find the Jack." Now they were convinced more than ever that he was a bold, bad man, and they determined to take his money, to help them along in the good cause in which they were engaged. They "put up," and as both were certain the same card was the one they were after, one of them seized it with, "This is the boy." It was turned over, and—it was the trey of hearts. Their naturally long faces at ones assumed a longer and more serious cast, and they looked at the card, at such after at the head bed, and nan and they determined to take his money, to longer and more serious cast, and they looked at the card, at each other, at the bask bad man, at the money, and then at the basket of Bibles, thoroughly bewildered. The monte sharp put up his tools, and walked off with his plunder, and before the victims comprehended the situation, he disappeared from sight. The sequel is soon told. The winner marched through the train and distributed the Bibles among the passengers. Several of the trophies are now on exhibition in this city. What became of the women is not known by the passengers. en is not known by the passengers.

Be Never Took a Paper.

A man fifty-six years of age, living in Colum-bia County, on the border of Sauk, was in Bara-beo recently, and was asked what he thought of the Beecher-Tilton matter.

"Beecher! Who is Beecher! I never heard of Beecher or Tilton before."

Beecher or Tilton before."
"Did you never really read of them?" asked
the sufprised inquirer.
"No," he replied. "I was born in Pennsylvania, and came up into Sank County twenty five

nia, and came up into Sank County twenty five years ago, and never took a paper in my life. I did think I'd subscribe for one when the war was going on,but I didn't do it."

He knew something of Lincoln, and was in favor of putting down the rebellion, "but," said he, "the other man, who was Vice-President, and was promoted, (I do not know his name), I never liked. What has become of that fellow, any-how I"

He never heard of Greeley or Grant, and did not know who he voted for at the last election. He read the New Testament diligently. This is his main source of information on matters in which he concerns himself. He has a family, his which he concerns himself. He has a family, his babes by his third wife being twins. It would not be surprising if one of them became an invet-erate reader of papers, and an editor of renown, and perhops the other one will preach—if they

Dr. SAVERIO CAVAMARI, the Palermo archi Dr. Saverno Cavahlari, the Falermo architect and archi-ologist, has been devoting himself
during the last year to excavating the ruins of
the old Greek town of Seliment, on the southern
coast of Sicily. Not long since, he found, about
twelve feet below the surface, in the sandy
waste just west of the so-called Acropolis, the
cast front of a temple and numerous images in
terra-cofta. The images represent some of the
old Greek deities. The temple front is a fine
specimen of Greek architecture, and its discovery is considered important.

THE Boston Pilet (Roman Catholic) calls at THE Boston Filst (Roman Catholic) calls attention to a recent funeral of a poor man in Watertown, at which the friends, instead of hiring hacks, walked in procession to the cemetery, and gave what would otherwise have gone in carriage hire to the widow and orphans. "Is there any one to find fault with this conduct?" asks the Filst. "How many 'long funerals' do we see every day following the remains of poor men, whose children will be sent to the poor house next week?"

Among the archives of Missouri is a resolution passed in 1824, and still in effect, requesting the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Indges and other State officials and members of the General Assembly to dress in clothing, the growth and manufacture of Missouri.

spectacles for 40 years, has given them up and read everyword of the Beecher scandal without them. She says it has fairly "opened her eyes." That is what everybody says of it.

BOLL ON, SILVER MOON.

WHOLE NUMBER, 897.

As I strayed from my cot, at the case of the day. To gaze on the beauties of June. Year a Jessamine shule, I espiced a fair maid. And she plaintively sighed to the moon.

Roll on aliver moon; guide the traveller on his way,
While the Nightingale's song is in tune;
I never, never more, with my true love will stray,
By the aweet aliver light of the moon.

As the hart on the mountain, my lover was brave, So handsome and manly to view; So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear— Oh! my Edwin, no love was so true. Boll on, silver moon, &c.

But now he is dead, and the youth once so brave. Is cut down like the rose in full bloom;
And he silently sleeps. I'm thus left to weep,
By the sweet silver light of the moon.
Roll on allver moon, do.

But his grave I'll seek out, until morning appears, And weep for my lover so brave; I'll embrace the cold earth, and bedew with my tears, The sweet flowers that bloom o'er his grave. Roll on silver moon, &c.

Ah! never again can my beart throb with joy.

But my lest one I hope to meet soon;

And kind friends will weep o'er the grave where we sleep.

By the aweet, silver light of the meson.

Roll on, silver moon, &c.

MRS. TILTON.

[From the Woman's Journal.] Those who know Mrs. Tilton well, and hence believe in her essential goodness and truth of character, should bear that testimony for her

ow. Of all the persons in the sad scene which has been passing before our eyes, Mrs. Tilton seems to me to be more wronged and injured than any other, and at the same time to be the most inno-

I have known ber, more or less intimately, sixteen years. I have seen her in her house and in my own, and have had reason to admire and honor her in every relation in which I saw her. She was a faithful wife, a discreet and gentle mother, and her house was a model of neatness, good taste, and good order.

She never gave her children over to servants. She said to me, "I hire servants for other things, but I want to take care of my children myself; so I make their clothes, and teach them their

so I make their clothes, and teach them their lessons, and am never happier than when, sur-rounded by them here, I watch their opening in-tellect." And she looked with motherly profe

and tenderness over her little group of fine children, who, I fully believe, will yet "rise up and call her blessed."

Her husbahd, even now, while charging her with the most infamous crimes, cannot keep back his real belief that "no whiter souled woman lives than Elizabeth Tilton."

lives than Elizabeth Tilton."

Still, by those who do not know Mrs. Tilton, the question is benestly asked, "What manuer of woman is it, who can say, and straight unaay; who, at the bidding of anybody, would affirm and deny the same thing in the same breath f".

But to my mind, a full answer is found in the picture she berself gives of her own utter misery. The man she trusted had failed her. He who should

have sheltered the mother of his children with in-finite tenderness, gave to the world a hist of the

nameless crime. The suspicious shadows gathered around like a pall about her feet, and ruin running over all she had—husband, children, home, hope, everything.

Smarting under blows which buman eyes could see, and bearing others, which, though not seen, give the most cruel hurt; cowering before an infamous woman who was installed over her in the burse; carrying to the crays of her children the house; carrying to the graves of her children the dead hopes of all her life; driven to the wall; in utter despair, endured for five miserable years— Elizabeth Tilton said what her tormenters re-quired her to say, against herself, against her pastor, to her apparent certain ruin, just as men in burning buildings, to escape the torturing flames, leap from the top to certain death.

Doubtless there are many women who, in her place, and guiltless as she, would have borne the deny, and refusing to criminate themselves women who could be drawn and quartered, but whom no stress of circumstances could compel to falsehood. There are others, who would cling to the wreck, but with all the strength of innocence, and pride, and truth, would go down with it shouting above the engulfing waters, "I am not guilty, I never did it?"

But Mrs. Tilton is of gentler mould. She lived in her affections, and when they were crushed, she was crushed. Henceforth she did as she was bidden. But in the midst of all, she turned with the instinct of truth to say, "My heart aches at the injustice of the statements exterted from me.³⁹
This view of the case explains Mrs. Tilton's

acts. I still hold her a good, true woman, un-speakably sinued against and wronged, and I do most cordially give her my hand with all a wommost cordially give her my hand with all a wom-an's sympathy, and cry, "Courage, Mrs. Tilton! beyond this desolating flood and this furnace seven times heated, are happier days for you. Then, honorable and henored, you will be girt about and sustained by the love and strength of your children, who, knowing the truth of this bitter trial from your lips, will vie with each other in making smooth the path over which you will go to the Blessed Beyond, while human sympathy, everywhere, good Samaritan-like, will you will go to the Blessed Beyond, white human sympathy, everywhere, good Samaritan-like, will pour in oil and wine for the healing of the one who fell among thieves." Mrs. Tilton must re-member that the tender plant leveled by the storm rises again; that the tree riven by the lightning, whose roots and heart are sound, heals its hurts, lifts again its comely top, spreads its wide branches, and is still a strong and ed tree.

George C. Hurding's Opinion of the Soducer of His Daughter.

It is hard to kill certain beasts. The hyena who has been tossing on a bed of pain for the past fortnight, with two bullet-holes in his foul arcass, bus lacked the decency to die and sink to the hell that is yawning to receive him. He will be out again in a short time, free to walk the streets, free to breathe the air that is breathed by decent people, and free to reaume the practice of his hellish arts. He will not be molested. Vile and indecent as he is, the law throws its Vile and indecent as he is, the law throws its protecting arms about him, and no one dare load a shot-gun and blow his vile entrails out at the first opportunity. It is lawful to kill a mad dog. It is not lawful to kill a hyens. But what shall be done with this disgrace to the form of man, to this parody on human nature? What punishment shall society inflict on the human ghoul who is not only emilty of woman murder, but ment shall society inflict on the human ghoul who is not only guilty of woman murder, but who follows his victim to the grave with his malignant tongue? As we have said before, it is mot lawful to kill him, though his life is justly forfeited to God and man. But there is one way to reach his coward heart. Let him be made to feel that he is a leper, an outcast, a pariah, a creature too vite to associate with even the vilect of human kind—an obscene beast, whose hare presence pollutes the air. Let no man speak to him, or take him by the hand. Let every woman gather up her skirts, for fear of contamination, in passing him on the street. Teach little children to regard him as being accursed. Let him, in the midst of multitudes, feel the horrors of solitude, and the want of companionship. His own race and religion have driven him forth as a morin the midst of multitudes, feel the horrors of sol-itude, and the want of companionship. His own race and religion have driven him forth as a nor-al leper. Let no one give him shelter from the storm of scorn and contourly with which all de-cent men regard a traitor, a coward, a thief, a liar, and finally, if remorse is possible to so beartless a creature, let him fully realize what men think of him, and then die of his own loath-someness. In this way and in this way only. someness. In this way, and then die of his own loath-someness. In this way, and in this way only, can society punish him for his crimes. The law is weak. Public sentiment is stronger than law. Let him feel the weight of its scorn.—Indianapo-lis Herald.

Some laborers engaged in making a new road at Hoddesdon, from Burford street to Ware Valley, in Eugland, have Just discovered a number of interesting Roman resumes. In digging through some rising ground, they came upon a trench about eight feet long running moross the road-way, and they dug out several Roman vases of terra cotts, of various sizes and patterns, some portions being beautifully marked. Next to one of the vessels was discovered a runnar spear head, sine inches in length. Close by a number of